

William Henry Barnes was born on 22 June 1853 in Bolton, Lancashire England. A son of Thomas and Nancy Boardman Barnes. His paternal grandparents were Peter and Betty Harrison Barnes and his maternal grandparents were William and Mary Pendlebury Boardman.

William Barnes came to Utah on the 29th day of September, 1866. He married Margaret Ellen Clegg in December 28, 1872, and this marriage was solemnized in the old Salt Lake Endowment House of the 3rd of August 1874.

Margaret Ellen Clegg was born on the 2]st day of November, 1855 in Bolton, Lancashire, England, a daughter of Johnathan and Ellen Walmsly Clegg. Johnathan Clegg and family came to Utah in the famous Edward Martin handcart company of 1856.

Grandpa and Grandma Barnes had fourteen children, eight girls and six boys, as follows, William H, Robert, Nancy Ellen, Sarah Alice, Margaret, Elizabeth, Sylvia, Rose, La Nora, John, Lillian, Richard, Earl, and Charles Brigham Barnes, they also raised two grand children, Ester Ludlow Sweat and Mary Ludlow Duke, making 16 children they raised and cared for. They were kind and loving parents doing all they could to provide for their children to make them happy. William Barnes was 12 years old when he and a brother Richard came to Utah. He went to work for Mose Cluff carrying the mail from Echo to Provo. He had many experiences with the Indians while carrying the mail. There was only a trail in the high mountains through Provo Canyon. When he would hear the Indians coming he would hide until they had passed. There was a pine tree that looked much like an umbrella and Grandpa said he would generally get there for dinner and rest for awhile before going on. He rode a horse part way and then on snow shoes for the rest of the journey. He was known to all as an honest and dependable man. Living in Utah was certainly a much harder way of life than beautiful England and it was a hardship they endured gladly for the sake of the gospel and building up Zion.

After he gave up the mail, he went to Coalville to find work. He had been ill with quinsy. He started to walk to Coalville, there was mud and snow on the ground and he only had one pair of shoes, which he had to stop frequently and clean off the mud before he could go on. He took the foothills and got to Silver Creek as it was getting late in the evening and he made camp there. He had no matches or bedding to keep warm so he took his coat off and wrapped around his wet feet and lay there shivering all night. He arose early in the morning so that he could walk while the snow was still crusted. Upon arising he found that he was on the wrong side of the canyon. There was a ditch to cross so he climbed a large tree that was bending across the creek and throwing his bundle across he

crawled over the branches and dropped to the other side. When he reached Coalville he couldn't find work but he heard there was work in Weber Canyon so he went there and was hired. While there he came in contact with poison ivy and had to return home as his hands were all swollen and he couldn't work. After he was feeling better he got work at Coalville.

He and his brother, Richard, worked and saved enough money to bring his mother and brother Brigham from England. Their father had died in England in August of 1857. After their mother got here they moved to Coalville and then later to Almy, Wyoming where their mother died and was buried. They worked very hard and saved enough money to send for their sister, Betty Tounge and family. Although they had hardships, they never complained.

William Barnes raised a large family but they always had something to eat and were dressed warm although they were not blessed with worldly goods they had what they needed and they were very happy, sometimes at nights they would sit and sing their favorite songs, one of them was, "when you and I were young, Maggie and another was High on the Mountain Top". Everywhere they went people asked Grandpa and Grandma to sing, they both had wonderful voices and could sing very well together. Grandpa used to jig in his younger day, every dance he went to, as soon as they saw him come in the door they would start to play to jig and how he would jig. I remember the last time he danced, he could only dance a few minutes and then he had to stop and rest.

They went through some sad trials during their life. They lost a boy, Robert, nineteen years old when he and Grandpa and a son-in-law, William Thompson went to the canyon for a load of wood. A tree which they were cutting down, fell on him, killing Robert instantly. It happened in Lake Creek Canyon about 5 miles east of Heber.

Grandpa moved to Center Creek where he bought a farm and there lived the rest of his life. It was here they lost their second son. He was drowned in a reservoir just through the fence from their farm. He was 14 years old, John. It was a terrible thing to go through. They stood on the bank from morning till late at night before they got him out.

Grandpa was always very thankful for what people done for them. One experience he had when carrying the mail to Provo he stopped at one house and the hat which he wore had the brim out and his hair was frozen, the lady saw him and she cried. The next trip he made, she had made him a suit out of a homespun petticoat she had and he was very happy over it as it was the first suit he had.

If anyone needed help they were the first ones there to help and were willing to do anything they could for their neighbors. Grandma was a beautiful crocheter and she did many lovely things. One time when she had no flour, she took a curtain she had crocheted, it had the pattern

of a horse on it, and gave it for a milk pan full of flour. She never took anything she couldn't pay for. She made butter and sold it and eggs.

How thankful we should be for our pioneer parents. For the sacrifices which they made for us. To come here to the rocky mountains and make such a lovely place in which we have to live in. May we always cherish their memories and live by the example which they set for us. Sons and daughters of our pioneer parents we if we can be as good and as faithful as they were. Be pleasant and always remember what they did for you and me, that we may enjoy these beautiful valleys and mountains and what they suffered that we might have the best of everything. May we cherish our pioneer parents and our Heavenly Father bless them for what they have done.

Written by mom Pearl Sessions and her sister Lila Christensen

A FEW MORE THOUGHTS FROM LILA

They always went to funerals and comforted any who were sorrowing. Grandpa was a good ward teacher and he would take his lantern and always did his teaching. He never was able to get up in public and talk but he often said he knew the gospel was true and that Joseph Smith as a true Prophet of God. Grandpa died 22 June 1921 Grandma died 27 Dec 1925

This poem was written by Mary Duke - one of the girls they raised

Parents dear life's race is ended
Every prize you sought is won.
Your dear name will live forever
with your daughters and your sons.
You've always been so kind and patient
Importing cheer to all you see
And with your departed loved ones
What rejoicing there will be.

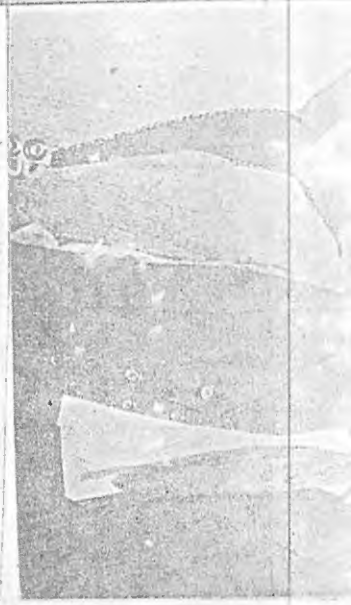
Parents dear we all will miss you
Now that your life's work is done
But we'll bow our heads and whisper
Let thy will, Oh, Lord, be done.
We'll say farewell, but not good-bye
For we know we'll meet again
You have gone to your reward in Heaven
We're glad you are free from grief and pain.

They had 89 grand children 31 great grand children in 1927





4 generations Nancy, Margaret, Lila, Ellen



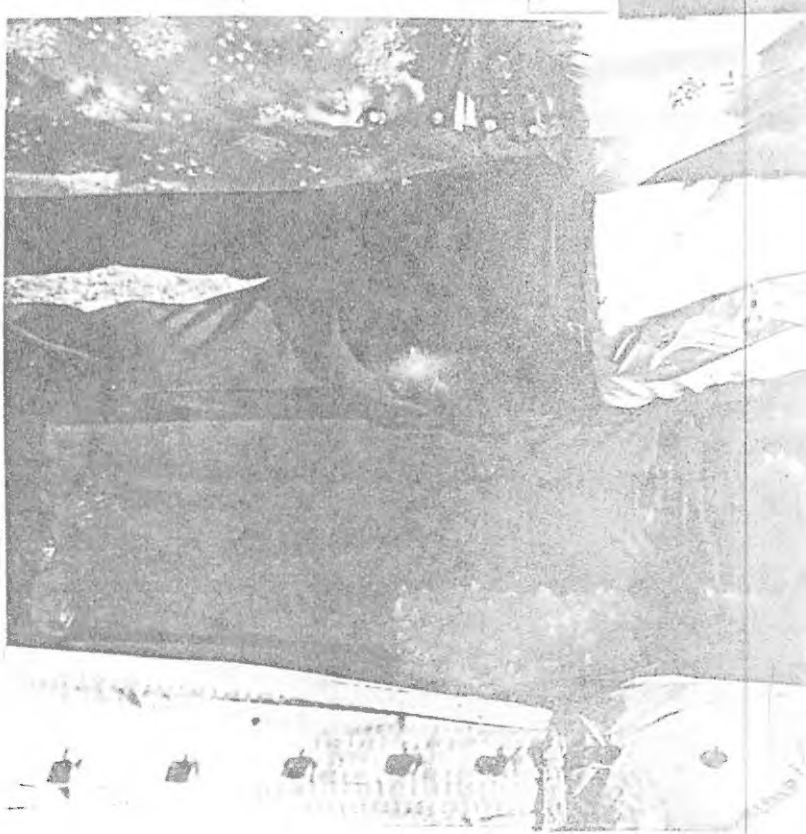
Nancy & husband William



Esther Ludlow



"Dick" Richard and Leah Barnes

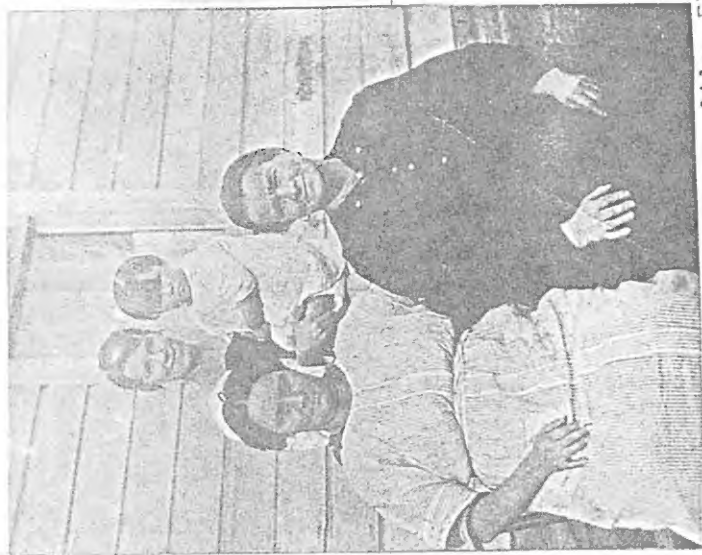


Lizzie, Earl, Nora, Rose

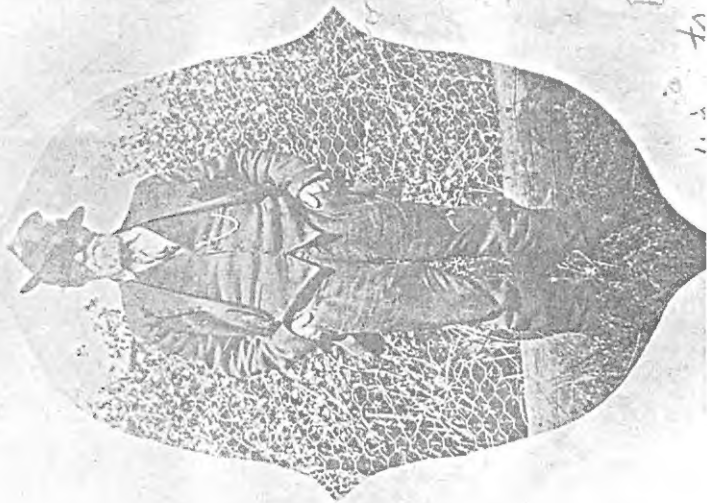
Lizzie & Uncle George



Family of William Barnes & Margaret Ellen



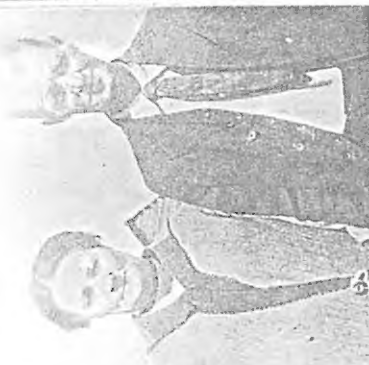
4 generations Nancy, Margaret, Lila, Ellen



William Barnes



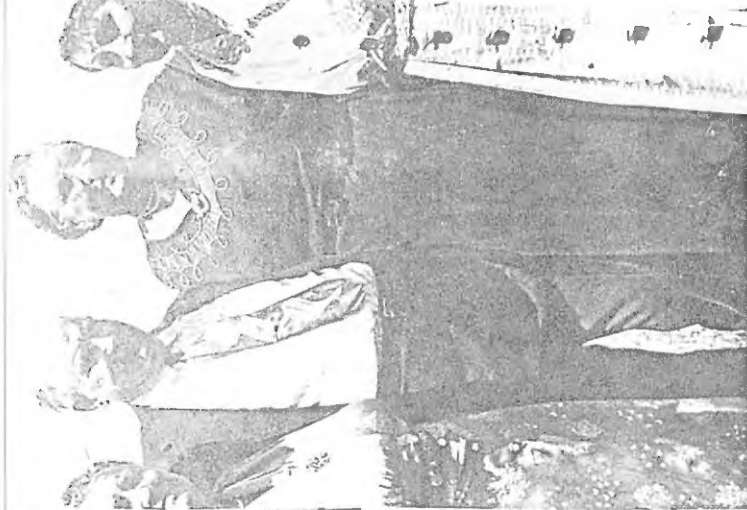
Esther Ludlow



Nancy & husband William



"Dick" Richard and Leah Barnes



Lizzie, Earl, Nora, Rose

Golden Wedding anniversary



Aunt Lizzie & Uncle George

